



Martin Van Buren, Eighth President.

MARTIN VAN BUREN was born at Kinderhook, N. Y., December 5th, 1782. At fourteen he commenced the study of law in the office of Francis Sylvester, Esq., of Kinderhook, and during his term of study rendered himself well known and popular by his management of causes in the jus-

tices' courts of the county. He devoted much of his time and talents to politics, and when only eighteen was appointed delegate to a convention for nominating a candidate for the Legislature, and was several times similarly complimented during his minority. The last year of his minority he passed in the city of New

York, in the office of William P. Van Ness, an eminent member of the New York bar. Here the young student attracted the notice of Colonel Aaron Burr, who numbered Mr. Van Ness among his most intimate friends and warmest defenders. Mr. Van Buren's turn for politics made him particularly attentive to the teachings of Colonel Burr; and it was from him that he imbibed those peculiar principles of political tactics which he afterward put so successfully in practice.

In 1803 he was admitted a member of the bar, and immediately returned to Kinderhook to commence the practice of his profession. In 1807 he was admitted as counselor in the Supreme Court, and in 1808 was appointed surrogate of Columbia county, and removed to Hudson, where he rapidly advanced in his profession. In 1815 he was appointed Attorney-General of the State, still continuing his practice, which had now become extensive and lucrative.

He was married in 1806 to Miss Hannah Hoes, for whom he formed an early attachment. She died in 1818, leaving four children, all sons; and Mr. Van Buren still remains a widower.

In 1812 he was elected to the State Senate. He warmly advocated the measures of Mr. Jefferson.

In 1816 Mr. Van Buren was appointed a Regent of the University, and in 1817 re-elected to the Senate for four years.

In 1821 he was elected to the United States Senate. In the same year he was elected to the Convention to revise the Constitution of New York, in which he took a leading part.

He was re-elected to the United States Senate in 1827, but Governor Clinton

having died in February, 1828, he was elected Governor of his native State the following November. In his first message he proposed the celebrated safety fund system, which was finally adopted by the Legislature. In March, 1829, he was appointed by Gen. Jackson Secretary of State of the United States. In June, 1831, he left the cabinet, and was immediately afterward appointed minister to England. On the 22d of May, 1832, Mr. Van Buren was nominated for Vice-President, on the ticket with General Jackson, and was elected. In 1835 he was nominated for President, and elected. In 1841 he retired to his family seat at Kinderhook, which he named "Lindenwald." He still remains, in excellent health and spirits, at his beautiful retreat on the banks of the Hudson.

A Beautiful Truth.

I HAVE been told, says a popular writer, by men who have passed unharmed through the temptations of youth, that they owed their escape from many dangers to the intimate companionship of their affectionate sisters. They have been saved from a hazardous meeting with idle company by some engagement of which their sisters were the charm; they have refrained from mixing with the impure, because they would not bring home those they could not share with their loving sisters. The remembrance of some warm, confiding, pure-minded female friend, has saved many a youth from the snare so thickly set, into which, but for this, he might have fallen.



A Chapter about Monkeys.

WHO has not read anecdotes of the mischievous and fun-making pranks of monkeys? and who has never seen one performing in some amusing capacity, from that of Jack on his pony, in a wandering caravan, down to the mere attendant of an organ grinder, about the streets of our large cities and villages; and who, moreover, can easily resist the temptation of turning aside to laugh over some of his queer antics. We have seen whole flocks of little folks, time and again, dodging and giggling around one of those little specimens of mischief, for, we will not say *hours* together, for that might be somewhat more than true, but for a pretty long time.

Our engraving is an illustration of the story of a peddler traveling in South America, who, being wearied by his journey, laid down to sleep, beneath the shadows of a forest inhabited by apes. He wore upon his head a red cap, and had with him a score or so of the same sort, to sell. When he had finished his nap, what was his consternation, to find that his caps had been stolen; though who the thief could be he had no idea, until, hearing a great chattering in the cocoa-nut trees above him, he looked up and saw an army of apes leaping among the branches, each with his head nicely adorned with one of the peddler's lost caps. At first he thought to regain them by pelting the apes with stones, but this

only brought a shower of cocoa-nuts about his head, from his cunning tormenters. He then, in despair, caught the cap from his own head and threw it spitefully to the ground, exclaiming; "as you have the rest, take this also!" Immediately the ground was strewn with the remainder of his caps, from the heads of his imitative rivals. He soon gathered them up, and went his way, a "wiser and happier man."

We take the liberty of selecting some nice little tit-bits of stories about monkeys, from an excellent Juvenile periodical called the "Schoolmate."

"Monkeys may be divided into two great classes, baboons, and monkeys, or apes. The former are a sober, sluggish set of fellows, while the apes, the little animals whom these stories concern, are always in motion, seeking for sport or mischief.

"They are great jokers, and, whether wild or tame, spend most of their time in chattering, mimicking, and performing those strange comical feats which every one laughs at, though the rascals themselves never laugh.

"It seems that apes may be taught good manners, for a gentleman once had one whom he had learned to sit at the table in a high chair next to his master. He would eat as orderly as any in the family, and was particularly fond of pies. One day there was a large party at dinner, and Jacko sat in his usual place. A large delicious apricot tart was brought on for dessert, which Jacko eyed wistfully, as his master helped one after another of the guests, but unfortunately he forgot the monkey.

"Jacko sat some time with a most rueful

face, devouring with his eyes the fine piece of tart that remained, for he was too much of a gentleman to snatch it, as most monkeys would have done. At length he could wait no longer, and gently touched his master under the table, to call attention to his wants; but his master was talking, and paid no attention.

"Jacko then put his hand slyly behind his master, and after looking to see that no one observed him, gave his hair a pull that made him jump, then instantly withdrew it, looking very grave and innocent. His master gave him a reproving look, but Jacko gave him another, which said as plainly as words could speak, "Don't be angry — do n't thrash me — nobody saw it — I beg your pardon, but I *must* have a bit of that tart;" he was forgiven and helped.

"Though monkeys are always getting themselves into scrapes by their prying, mischievous habits, yet their memory is very good, and they are never imposed upon twice by the same trick. One who had swallowed a whole box of pills, was so deathly sick, that he would always run at the very sight of a little round box.

"Another had frequently seen the men take down a large powder-horn, and pour a little on the fire to frighten the women. Pug was mightily pleased, and watching his opportunity, seized the well-filled horn; then placing himself directly over the hot ashes of the fire, which was nearly out, he unscrewed the top, and reversed it over the coals.

"The explosion sent him half-way up the chimney. Before he was blown up he was as fat and sleek-looking a monkey as you would wish to see; he came down in an avalanche of soot, a singed negro in

miniature, and springing from the hot ashes, vanished, and did not show himself for several days. When hunger at last drove him home, he sneaked into the house, looking scared and fiendish.

"He was cured with care, but, like many great characters, he never recovered from his sudden rise in life, and his more sudden fall, and became a sadder, and wiser monkey. If he was ever troublesome after that, just show him a powder-horn, and he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and chattering with fear.

"That celebrated traveler, Le Vaillant, had a monkey with him in Africa, named Kees, that would steal all his eggs, by running, as soon as he heard the hens cackling, to be first at the nest. If he saw any one watching him, he would walk carelessly along, as though he was going that way by mere accident, but when they left, he would run and seize the egg. Once he was caught with an egg in his mouth; he grinned and chattered very innocently, but it was no go; he was taken as a thief, and was ashamed to show himself for some time. But though he was a sad rogue, yet he was so pleasant, and loved his master so much, that we cannot help liking him.

"There is a curious race of monkeys in South America, called "Spider Monkeys," because they have such long slender limbs, and are so spry. The tail is very long, and they use it like a hand. They carry their food to their mouth with it; they can run it into holes in boxes, and take out things without looking; and they even fish with it.

"This they do by sitting on the bank, and dropping their tail into the water. As the end is quite bare, and looks like a

worm, the fish soon gather round it, and as soon as the monkey feels the bite, he jerks the fish on shore, and eats it.

"Their arms are so weak that they cannot climb much with them, but this tail of all work helps them, for by it they hang suspended, or swing themselves from bough to bough with great swiftness. They often suspend themselves from branches, in great clusters, by holding on to each other.

"When they wish to cross a stream, they look out for a place where there are two lofty trees on the opposite banks, and climb to the top of the one near them. They then form a long chain by holding on to each other's tails. The lower end of this monkey chain hangs free, and the living pendulum swings backward and forward with increasing force, till the lowest monkey can reach the lowest limb of the opposite tree. He clutches it, and then mounts as high as he can, dragging the whole chain with him. When he has made himself fast, the first monkey lets go, and the whole string of them swing safely over.

"This certainly shows great ingenuity; it seems something more than mere instinct. Indeed, some foolish philosophers have said that monkeys were a species of men; or rather, that men were once all monkeys, and have gradually improved themselves. We know this is absurd, but we ought not to blame such silly men, who know so little of the Bible, for considering themselves monkeys.

"Who would suppose that any one would take pride in appearing like an ape? Yet it seems a Frenchman, Mazurier, did so. He painted his face, sewed himself up in monkey skins, and imitated their actions so well, that one day an old lady-

baboon began to pat and fondle him, feeding him with an apple.

"He had good reason to think himself enough of a monkey after that, so he wrote a play, called 'The Ape of Brazil,' in which the scene was a thick forest, and the chief actor a huge ape. This part Muzurier acted himself, leaping, chattering, and playing such comical tricks, that the whole house roared with laughter.

Do not call him the silliest man you ever heard of, for many persons play the monkey in a different dress from poor Mazurier. Look at the fop, strutting about with his empty head perched on a flashy suit of clothes. How much better is he than the gayly-dressed Jock who rides the pony in the menagerie? A little better, perhaps, for he makes the boys laugh more.

"And the boys,—we mean those meddlesome ones who are always prying about for mischief, or pulling things to pieces to see what they are made of,—they had better reform, or some of those cunning animals, the monkeys, will claim them for cousins."

"This Hand never Struck Me."

WE recently heard the following most touching incident. A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid away in the lone, cold grave.

His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl asked to take

his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but as her child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it, she took the cold bloodless hand of her sleeping boy and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother, through the tears of affection and love, and said, "Mother, *this little hand never struck me!*"

What could be more touching and lovely?

Young reader, have you always been so gentle to your brothers and sisters, that were you to die, such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or sister take your hand, were it cold in death, and say, "This hand never struck me?"

What an alleviation to our grief when we are called to part with friends, to be able to remember only words and actions of mutual kindness and love. How bitter must be the sorrow, and how scalding the tears of remorse, of an unkind child, as he looks upon the cold form, or stands at the grave of a brother or sister, a father or mother, toward whom he had manifested unkindness. Let us all remember that whatsoever we sow, in this respect, that we shall also reap.—*Well-Spring.*

Attend to your own Business.



AMAN who had become rich by his own exertions, was asked by a friend the secret of his success. "I have accumulated," replied he, "about one-half my property by attending strictly to my own business, and the other half by letting other people's alone."

Remarkable Providence.



ABOUT Christmas, in the year 1840, says the Episcopal Recorder, a Russian clergyman was going home from a place at some distance from the village where he lived. Evening was coming on, and it was growing so bitterly cold that it was almost dangerous for any one to be out. He was wrapped in a fur cloak, and traveled in a sledge. As he went along he saw something lying on the ground, and stopped to see what it was. He found that it was a soldier, who seemed to have fallen down exhausted with the cold, and to all appearance was dead. The good clergyman, however, would not leave him on the road, but lifted him into the sledge, with his gun, which lay beside him, and drove as fast as he could to the next inn, which it took about half an hour to reach. He was not satisfied with leaving the poor soldier in the care of the people there; but, although he was very anxious to reach his home, he staid for an hour, directing and helping them to do all that was possible in order to bring the man to conscious life again, in case he was not really dead. And at length their endeavors were successful, and his senses and the use of his limbs gradually returned. Then the clergyman set off homeward, having first rewarded the people of the inn and also given them money to pay for a good meal for the poor man, before he should go forward on his journey. As soon as the man was refreshed and felt able to go, he insisted upon doing so, although the people did all they could to persuade him not to venture out again that night.

But he said that he was carrying letters which were important, and he must delay

not any longer than was quite necessary. So, taking his gun, he proceeded on his way, which he found would very soon bring him to the village where the clergyman lived to whom he owed his life. He reached the place before long, and, though it was now very late at night, he could not forbear going to the clergyman's house, that he might, if possible, see and thank him for what he had done.

As he went up to the house, he saw that though it was late, there was still light in it; and as he came nearer, he heard loud voices and great confusion within. He hastened to the door, but it was fastened, and without waiting to knock, he ran to the window near, and, looking in, saw the clergyman surrounded by four armed robbers. They had just tied his hands and feet, and were threatening to murder him if he would not tell where his money was to be found. The soldier instantly forced his way in, fired his gun at one of the robbers, and killed him on the spot. The others attacked the soldier, but he disabled one with his bayonet, and the other two were then seized with fear, and rushed out of the house, leaving the clergyman, as may be supposed, overpowered by astonishment and gratitude for his sudden deliverance. And then his still deeper and happier feelings may be imagined when he found that the poor man, whose life he had saved only a few hours before, had now been made the means of preserving his own.

LINK not thyself with those who venture on the smooth stream of sensual pleasure, lest thou be gradually drawn into the whirlpool of excess.



Scenery in South America.

You have read in your geographies and in your histories, children, how, a great many years ago — over three hundred and twenty — the Spaniards under the renowned Pizarro, conquered Peru, in South America. Look upon your maps, and you will see where this country lies. The Spaniards were guilty of great cruelties; but they overcame the native inhabitants, who were similar to our Indians, and possessed themselves of the land. While passing up from the coast to the interior, they met with many wild and strange adventures.

There is in South America, in the tropical climate, much beautiful and sublime scenery. The flowers, the plumage of the birds, the leaves of the trees, possess a brilliancy of coloring unknown up here in our cold latitude, where we have frost and snow nearly one-half of the year. Look on the picture. It presents a most lovely scene. See that little lake, nestled far up among the mountains, and

covered with the light canoes of the Indians, and its borders overspread with trees and flowering shrubs which are in perpetual bloom. The vine and the olive, the pomegranate, famed for its pleasant sweetness, the plantain, the banana, the guavia, extensive groves of oranges, lemons, limes, nectarines, and grannadillas, figs, pineapples, chinermoyas, besides peaches, and apricots and melons, are found in Peru in great abundance. I wish I had time to describe for you all this beautiful fruit — to tell how the different kinds look, and how they taste; but as I have not, you must get some book which you will find in your father's library, and it will tell you all about them. It will tell you too of the beautiful birds and flowers which grow in the forests and in the fields all over the southern country. You will be much interested in reading of all these things; and besides you will gain much valuable information by the research. This lake, as I before said, is away up in the mountains, a great many

hundred feet above the level of the sea. The natives resort to it on their holidays, and have great sport with their light

canoes, which they paddle through the water with great rapidity. But here is another picture.



There are beautiful trees, and high and ragged rocks, and through a chasm dashes and foams a mountain water-fall. It is, I suppose, the outlet of the little lake we see in the other picture. How graceful those tall trees, with their long, branchless trunks, and their broad leaves. Those shrubs, too, are covered with flowers, only we cannot see them, as the black ink which the printer uses does not make the bright colors which a tropical sun produces.

On one side of this mountain torrent, high up on the rocks, there is a man, who, by his dress, appears to be a Spaniard. He has a sword by his side, and a cloak such as the Spanish cavaliers in old times used to wear. He is pointing with his hand across the chasm, upon the other side of which there is an Indian, or native Peruvian, leaning upon his

spear. He seems to listen to what the Spaniard is saying.

The Spaniard is one of the invaders straying from the camp; he lost his way among the mountains, and wandered for several days, subsisting upon such wild fruit as came in his way. He at length arrived at this unpassable gulf, with the rapid torrent whirling and foaming and tumbling over the rocks far beneath. He was bewildered, and knew not which way to move. At length the Peruvian comes up on the opposite bank, and he is endeavoring by signs to make himself understood. But, as the story goes, he did not succeed, and was compelled to set out again alone in search of the camp. Pondering upon the matter, he came to the very sensible conclusion that rivers run from the mountains down toward the sea, and he therefore concluded that his best

course was to follow the stream until he came to the level country. After many days of weary wandering, during which he was compelled to rely upon his cross-bow for game, he descried in the distance, what he took to be a flag waving in the breeze. As he came nearer to it, he was quite overjoyed to find that it was the banner borne by his own company; and it was not long before he was in their midst — glad to be with his countrymen, notwithstanding the beauty of the scenery, and of the birds and flowers in the country through which he had wandered. E. E. B.

The Little Girl's Good Morning.

"O, I am so happy!" the little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark from her low trundle-bed,

"Tis morning, bright morning! good morning, papa!

O, give me one kiss for good morning, mamma!
Only just look at my pretty Canary,
Chirping his sweet good morning to Mary.

Sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes —
Good morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise
Early, to wake up my birdie and me,
And make me as happy, as happy can be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl:"
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl —
"Happy as can be — but think of the One,
Who wakened, this morning, both you and the sun."

The little one turned her bright eyes with a nod —

"Mamma, may I say 'Good Morning' to God?"
"Yes, little darling one, surely you may,
Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray."

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies,

And the two little hands that were folded together,

Softly she laid on the lap of her mother.

"Good morning, dear Father in Heaven," she said,

"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed,
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light:
O, keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray."

An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled —

But *she* saw not the angel — that beautiful child.

[Selected.]

The Two Givers.



COLLECTION for foreign missions was being made at a church door. Up walked the richest man in the congregation, and laid a five-pound note on the plate. The people admired the gift, and praised the giver, but it gave no thrill of joy in heaven. Directly after him there came a little pale, poor girl, meanly clad, and poverty written out in all her looks, yet with a countenance full of sweetness, and a tear trembling in her eye, and laid beside the rich man's note a single penny. The crowd pushed her rudely by. No one noticed or cared for her gift. But Jesus and his angels, who were looking on, accepted it, as far more precious than the rich man's note, and made a record of it to her honor.

You will ask, How came this difference

That same morning the rich man had said within himself, "What shall I give to the collection to-day, for foreign missions? I must give a five-pound note, for this is what will be expected of me; and I wish my donation to be above all the others.

The same morning the little girl had been reading her Bible, and had seen the story of the love of Jesus, and loved him in return. She thought within herself, "If Jesus did so much for me, oh! what can I do to show my love to him? There is to be a collection for foreign missions this day, and I have only a penny; but I will give my penny for Jesus' sake, and it may be he will accept it from me, for I love him very much."

The little girl took her penny and laid it on the chair, before which she was kneeling, and prayed thus for a blessing:

"Oh my God! here is a penny which I

will give to thee. Take it, Lord, although I am not worthy to give it, and bless it, so that it will do good to the poor heathen." Then rising from her knees, she took it to the church, and gave it as we said.

Reader, bear in mind, it is not *what* we give, but *how* we give, that makes the service acceptable.

The poor widow's mite was declared more precious than the great man's gold, by Christ, and your single penny will be held of greater value, and perhaps do more good, than many pounds wrongly presented, if only given in the exercise of faith and love.—*Selected.*

Editor's Table.

Last Number of the Volume.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—We have now come to the last number of the first volume of the YOUTH'S CASKET. One year has nearly passed since our little Magazine first set out in its mission of happiness to your homes and firesides, and we have done what we could to make its visits welcome to you—by no means an easy, yet always a pleasant, task.

The very anxiety with which we have sought to please you has filled our hearts with an affection for you which time can never efface.

From our very soul we love the children and youth for whose good and happiness we have been laboring: and if this is destined to be our last message to them, then, in all sincerity of affection, we say "peace and happiness attend you!"

In truth, we grieve to part with you, dear young friends, if part we must; and how could we do otherwise, for what paper or magazine, except such as are published for the young, ever had *such* friends as we! Those frolicking, mischief-loving, kind-hearted *dear* children! Love them? "I guess we do!"

Let us see! Here is our subscription-book; and here are sights of names, so many that it would take us a long, long while to read them all. Now then, young friends, how is it? Must we mark those names from off the book? Must we send you no more CASKETS? (and our next will be both larger and prettier than any we have sent you yet.) Must we tell you no more stories? (Ah we have many and very nice ones we should be glad to tell you!) In short, must we shake hands, and part company, forever? Say "No!"

Tell us we *may* keep your names where they are! and that, through the pages of the CASKET, we may have many pleasant chats with each other, yet! Say "yes!"

But "an' if we must part," so let it be! Yet, one word before we part. Dear young friends:—should you be spared, you will soon have passed "youth's sunny time," and will have taken upon yourselves the great responsibilities of life. Now remember, that the efficiency and success with which you will discharge those responsibilities will depend for their completeness on the manner in which you improve the present. Train yourselves to habits of industry and perseverance; store your minds with useful knowledge; exercise your hearts in pure benevolence to all that breathe; and what is far higher

than all, love God, and Jesus the Saviour. Thus do, and we have no better wish and no lurking fears for you. FAREWELL!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have quite a number of Enigmas in our drawer, which we have not found room for in our pages. They will all appear in the second volume. We have received a correct answer to the Enigma XXXII, by our friend "Mary."

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

ENIGMA NO. XXXIV.—Southern Michigan.

ENIGMA NO. XXXV.—The Water Works.

ENIGMA NO. XXXVI.—Hiram Barton.

ENIGMA NO. XXXVII.—Daily Republic.

PUZZLE NO. III.—The Casket.

